

HOW TO KNOW PURE PAINT

A Way in Which It May Be Identified Before Using.

After a building has been painted long enough for a weather test, it is easy to tell if the paint used was made of pure White Lead or not.

What one wants is a test that will tell the quality of the paint before it and the labor of putting it on are paid for.

Nature has provided a way in which genuine White Lead may be positively distinguished from adulterated or fake White Lead before you spend a cent on your painting.

Pure White Lead is made from metallic lead, and, under intense heat, such as is produced by a blow-pipe, pure White Lead will resolve itself back into metallic lead.

The National Lead Company are urging every one interested in painting to make this test of paint before using it, and they guarantee that the pure White Lead sold under their "Dutch Boy Painter" trade-mark will always prove absolutely pure under the "blow-pipe" or any other test.

Never Forsake a Friend. Whatever happens, never forsake a friend. When enemies gather, when sickness falls upon the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, it is time to try true friendship.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. ALL KIDNEY DISEASE. RHEUMATISM. BRUISES. DIABETES. BACKACHE. 75 "Guaranteed"

Tangled Bank Accounts. "It is remarkable," said an old bank employe, "how few people keep their bank accounts absolutely correct."

Not a Circumstance. Enthusiastic Auditor (at the opera)—Didn't she do that aria divinely! Boarding House Miss—Huh! You ought to hear that on a graphophone!

MUSIC STUDENTS. Should Have Steady Nerves. The nervous system of the musician is often very sensitive and any habit like coffee drinking may so upset the nerves as to make regular and necessary daily practice next to impossible.

"This was terribly discouraging, as I couldn't bear the thought of losing a whole year of study. Becoming convinced that my nervousness was caused largely by coffee, and seeing Postum so highly spoken of, I decided I would test it for a while."

"Mother followed the directions carefully and I thought I had never tasted such a delicious drink. We drank Postum every morning instead of coffee, and by November I felt more like myself than for years, and was ready to resume my music."

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphan," "Homesick on the Hillside," "Less Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Impressions and Sentiments," "Cousin Ruth," etc.

CHAPTER X.

It was a long, thronous ride for grandpa, from Honesdale to Aikenside, and he accepted thankfully the doctor's offer to take Maddy there himself.

Quickly the morning passed, and just as the clock struck two the doctor's buggy appeared over the hill. Up to this moment Maddy had only been happy in anticipation; but when, with her shawl and bonnet on, she stood waiting while the doctor fastened her little trunk, and when she saw a tear on the wrinkled faces of both her grandparents, her fortitude gave way, and mid a storm of sobs, she said her good-bys and received her grandfather's blessing.

"I wonder how I shall like Mrs. Remington and Mr. Guy?" was the first remark she made. "You'll not see them immediately. They left this morning for Saratoga," the doctor replied.

"Left! Mr. Guy gone!" Maddy repeated in a disappointed tone. "Are you very sorry?" the doctor asked, and Maddy replied: "I did want to see him once; I never have."

"It would be such a surprise to find that Guy was so other than the terrible inspector, that he would not undecide her, the doctor thought; and so he relaxed into a thoughtful mood, from which Maddy aroused him by breaking the subject of the unpaid bill, asking if he'd please not trouble grandpa, but wait until she could pay it.

"Perhaps it's wrong asking it when you were so good, but if you only will take me for payment," and Maddy's soft brown eyes were lifted to his face. "Yes, Maddy, I'll take you for payment," the doctor said, smiling, half seriously, as his eyes rested fondly upon her.

Even then stupid Maddy did not understand him, but began to calculate out loud how long it would take to earn the money. "There's Aikenside," said the doctor, at last, and it was not long before they were at through the gate, guarded by the great gronzo lions, and struck into the road leading to the house.

"It's grander, finer, than I ever dreamed of! Oh! if I could some time have just such a home! and, doctor, look! What does this water go up in the air for? Is it what they call a fountain?" In her excitement Maddy had risen, and with one hand resting on the doctor's shoulder, was looking around her eagerly. "Jessie stood on the piazza to receive her teacher. There were warm words of welcome, kisses and hugs; and then Jessie led her friend to the chamber she was to occupy."

"Mother wanted you to sleep the other side of the house, but Brother Guy said no, you should have a pleasant room; and when Guy says a thing, it's so. It's nice in here, and close to me. See, I'm right here," and Jessie opened a door leading directly to her own sleeping room. "Here's one trunk," she continued, as a servant brought up and set down a little commode containing the small handbag box containing Maddy's wardrobe. "Here's one; where's the rest?" and she was flying after Tom, when Maddy stopped her, saying: "I have but one—that's all."

study, but as it happened he liked blue, and so suggested it, as the one most likely to be becoming. "That?" and Maddy looked confounded. "Why, grandma never let me wear that, except on Sunday; that's my very best dress."

"Poor child; I'm not sure it was right for you to come here where the life is so different from the quiet, unpretentious one you have led," the doctor thought, but he merely said: "It's my impression they wear their best dresses here, all the time."

"But what will I do when that's worn out? Oh, dear, dear, I wish I had not come!" and another impetuous fit of weeping ensued, in the midst of which Jessie came back, greatly disturbed on Maddy's account, and asking eagerly what was the matter.

Very adroitly the doctor managed to draw Jessie aside, while as well as he was able he gave her a few hints with regard to her intercourse with Maddy, and Jessie, who seemed intuitively to understand him, went back to the weeping girl, soothing her much as a little mother would have soothed her child. They would have such nice times, when Maddy got used to their ways, which would not take long, and nobody would laugh at her, she said, when Maddy expressed her fears on that point. "You are too pretty, even if you do make mistakes!" and then she went into ecstasies over the blue muslin, which was becoming to Maddy, and greatly pleased her girlish beauty.

"The dinner was a success, so far as Maddy was concerned. Not a single mistake did she perpetrate, though her cheeks burned painfully as she felt the eyes of the polite waiters fixed so often upon her. After dinner, feeling that she must be homesick, Mrs. Noah suggested that she try the fine piano in the little music room."

Music was a delight to Maddy, and sitting down upon the stool, she touched the soft-toned instrument, ascertaining by her ear several sweet chords, and greatly astonished Jessie, who wondered at her skill. Twice each week a teacher came down from Saratoga to give lessons to Jessie, but as yet she could only play one scale and a few simple airs. She attempted to teach to Maddy, who caught them so quickly and executed them so well that Jessie was delighted.

Maddy ought to take lessons, she said, and some time during the next day she took to Mrs. Noah a letter which she had written to Guy. It was several days before an answer came to this letter, and when it did it brought Guy's consent for Maddy to take lessons, together with a note for Mr. Simons, requesting him to consider Miss Clyde his pupil, as well as Jessie.

Though greatly pleased with Aikenside, and greatly attached to Jessie, Maddy had had many hours of loneliness, where her heart was back in the humble cottage where she knew they were missing her so much, but now a new world, a world of music, was suddenly opened before her, and the homesickness all disappeared. It had been arranged with Mrs. Noah, by Agnes, that Jessie should only study for two hours each day, consequently Maddy had nearly all the time to herself and well did she improve it, making so rapid progress that Simons looked on amazed, declaring her case to be without a parallel, while Jessie was left far behind. Indeed, after a short time Maddy might have been her teacher, and was of much service to her in practicing.

CHAPTER XI. Saturday came at last, a balmy September day, when all nature seemed conspiring to welcome the travelers for whom so extensive preparations were making at Aikenside. They were expected at about six in the afternoon, and just before that hour the doctor rode up to be in readiness to meet them. In the dining room the table was set as Maddy had never seen it set before, making, with its silver, its china and cut glass, a glittering display.

paid, no millions had asked to be her second husband. She liked the doctor, but if he did not propose, and some other body did, she should accept that other body, of course. This was her intention when she left Aikenside, and when she came back, it was with the determination to raise the siege at once, and compel the doctor to surrender. The morning of the return home she should listen with a troubled mind to Jessie's rather exaggerated account of the number of times the doctor had been there, and the nice things he had said to her and Maddy.

What was she that he should care for her? A mere nothing—a child, whom Guy had taken up. Pity there was a Lucy Atherton in the way of his making her mistress of Aikenside. It would be a pretty romance, Guy Remington and Grandpa Markham's grandchild. Agnes was nervous and tired, and this helped to increase her anger toward the innocent girl. She would take immediate measures, she thought, to put her apart down, and the sight of Flora laying the cloth for breakfast suggested to her the first step in teaching Maddy her place.

"Flora," she said, "I notice you are arranging the table for four. Have we company?" "Why, no, ma'am; there's Mr. Guy, yourself, Miss Jessie, and Miss Clyde," was Flora's reply, while Agnes continued laughingly: "Remove Miss Clyde's plate. No one allows their governess to eat with them."

"But, ma'am," and Flora hesitated, "she's very pretty, and ladylike, and young; she has always eaten with Miss Jessie and Dr. Holbrook when he was here. He treats her as if she was good as anybody."

Meantime Maddy had put on her prettified dress, tied her little dainty black silk apron, Mrs. Noah's gift, and with the feeling that she was looking unusually well, started for the parlor to meet her employer, Mrs. Agnes, who was alone when Maddy presented herself before her. (To be continued.)

FINDS WHAT MALARIA IS.

Scientist Discovers It Is Due to Millions of Blood Parasites. The three classic types of malaria, namely, the quotidian, tertian and quartan fevers, with recurring attacks of one or more of these days' interval, were shown by Gold of Pavia to be caused by a billion to each patient, all sporulating at once in periods of seventy-two hours, forty-eight hours and twenty-four hours. Every parasite bursts the vitiated blood corpuscle in which it is enveloped and attacks another. The simultaneous onslaught of the billion little animals causes the shivering and the burning fever.

Dr. Laveran, the French army surgeon, in 1880 discovered the parasites, two and a half centuries after Peruvian bark, the specific that kills them off, was found by an obscure villager of Malacatos, near Lora, in Ecuador. Pelletier and Caventon in 1820 separated its essential alkaloid, quinine. This drug has saved more lives than have been lost in the battles of the civilized world. Koch and his successors discovered that the natural antitoxic mechanism of the body sometimes sufficed to render tropical climates immune if they survive the fever. Nevertheless, exact investigation shows conclusively that:

"The disease hangs like a cloud over the tropics, prostrating or slaying every year untold millions of human beings, especially of the young; crippling not only the native but the pioneer, the soldier, the trader and the administrator, and shutting out civilization from many of the most fertile tracts of the world."

An American, A. F. A. King, first suggested in 1883 that the infection is caused by the bites of mosquitoes. The mosquito, including the Cingalese, had, it is true, adumbrated the theory centuries ago. Since 1801 the researches of Ross and Manson, of Koch and of practical investigators like Biggs, have established the fact that the miasma or "bad air" of marshes cannot communicate the fever, but the anopheline mosquitoes, which rise from the stagnant waters. There is no other way by which malaria is spread and the mosquitoes derive the parasites from infected patients.

The anophelines flock by themselves. With scientific knowledge of the waters in which they breed and with modern systems of drainage, Major Ross sees for tropical sanitation a glorious future.—New York Times.

THE GREEN LANES OF THE PAST.

I care not to gaze at the years coming on, Thick-mantled in mist and with doubts overcast, But would rather stray back to the days that are gone, Along the green lanes of the past— Across the cool meadows of memory, where fall The birds ever sing, and the wild waters fall, And the laughter of children is borne on the air, And love shineth over it all.

The painter may picture the future in dyes That rival the rose and the rainbow, and still It may leave him at last but a gaudion of sights, And a hope that it failed to fulfill; The poet may sing of the splendors supreme, Of the opulent ages, far-coming and vast— I question him not, yet I ask but to dream On the old quiet hills of the past.

The past is my own—there is nothing uncertain In all its wide range, and my title is clear— While the future, at best, is a face on the curtain, That fades as my footsteps draw near; Then give me the blossoms, the birds and the bowers, And every loved scene where my soul clingeth fast, Like an evergreen yew that mantles the towers And feeds on the dew of the past.

—Ladies' Home Journal.



In the chapparral on the edge of the bluff Dick Matson lay flat on his stomach, his chin propped on one hand, while the other rested lightly on the sliding barrel of a rifle. Below, on the further bank of the river, Escalante, the cattle-thief, strutted back and forth before the door of his cabin, his gun in his hands, his strident voice proclaiming to the air his disdain for all gringos in general, and for the white-livered, chimpado Matson in particular.

Matson, unseen, and his presence only dimly apprehended by the strange animal instinct of the half-breed, could bear with sufficient plainness the gusts of wrath and oburgation which floated up from below; and when his own name was mingled with especially acrid vituperations, the rage to which he dared give no more audible vent expressed itself in tense and impotent mutterings.

"I'll get you yet, you old cattle-thief. O Lord, O Lord, to have to lie here and take such blasted impudence from a black-teeth Apache mongrel!" This when Escalante's remarks on the status and heredity of the gringo became particularly personal and historic. "Wish I wasn't a white man and I'd take a pot-shot at you for luck, just as you stand, you infernal, cattle-stealing, lying whelp. Cursed nonsense anyway, waiting for proof, and taking a man to the law, when I know darn well you've a steer of mine stowed away in the bushes somewhere. Wait till I find your cache, or catch you red-handed; and I'll make you sweat for this!"

So each vocal volley from below, directed against the unseen foe that the half-breed apprehended to be lurking here, was answered by the hidden enemy with one no less heart-felt because of being for strategic purposes, necessarily unheard.

As time passed Matson's limbs grew increasingly cramped and stiff. Decidedly, he reflected, Escalante had the best of the game. He cursed softly, and warily stretched himself into a new position. The hours slipped by, and still the half-breed, warned by his subtle instinct for danger, kept up his grotesque parade; and still the watching man was baffled of his clue.

The shadows lengthened on the river. A few crows, loudly cawing, shook themselves out of the branches of a tree near the cabin and winged their selves for the homeward flight. Dark was all but fallen; and the watcher painfully stirred his limbs, preparing for a further retreat, when a new element entered the scene below.

The girl who stepped to the door of the cabin was slim and lithe as a willow from the stream. Her black hair fell sleek and straight on either side of her face, hanging in thick braids nearly to her knees. She raised one hand to her forehead, shading her eyes for a long look up the river, and the movement had the supple, untaught grace of a wild thing of the woods. Matson drew his breath in something that came dangerously near to being a whistle. So this was Escalante's daughter—child of a Mexican mother and a half-breed father—who since her mother's death had been with the sisters at Santa Barbara. He vaguely recalled having heard of the girl's return. This could be none other than she; for what woman, young and beautiful, would forget herself with that wicked old devil, Escalante.



Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulcerations, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Squaw as Housekeeper. Put a squaw in a tepee and she is the neatest of housekeepers. The blankets are neatly rolled and stowed away under the edge of the tepee, leaving the center clear. Bright-colored blankets and fine fur robes are spread about, and a wonderfully beaded dance drum hangs from one of the poles. But put a squaw in a house and she is anything but a success. Go into one of these frame houses and you will find the mattresses laid along the floor, with the whole family sprawling thereon. The cracked cook stove will be in the middle of the floor, with anything but agreeable odors coming therefrom. Outside the bedstead and spring will be used as chicken roasts. But the squaw doesn't let her housekeeping shortcomings worry her. When she puts on an elk tooth robe, valued at anywhere from \$1,500 to \$3,000, and rides to the fair or to the agency on a Sunday astride a beaded saddle, she is a picture of contentment.—Denver Republican.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From October to May, colds are the most frequent cause of headache. LAXATIVE BISMUTH QUININE capsules cause E. W. Grove on box 252.

Why He Brought His Along.

Whenever the penurious manager of the large store wanted to sharpen his pencil he would enter the shipping department and borrow a knife from one of the boys. Sometimes the boys did not have their knives with them, but there was one and Tommy Green, who always could be depended upon.

"How is it, Tommy?" asked the manager one day as he whittled his pencil, "that you always have your knife with you and the other boys haven't?" Tommy hesitated for a moment, then, gathering courage, said: "The wages I get aren't enough for me to afford more than one pair of pants."—Harper's Weekly.

Telltale Bibles.

A dealer in second-hand books advertised the other day for old Bibles belonging to three families that have lately come into prominence. "Do they want them as heirlooms?" asked a customer who had read the advertisement. "Not a bit of it," said the dealer. "They want the Bibles because they contain a record of births; consequently they reveal ages—women's ages, presumably. Very often dealers in old books are asked to look up inconvenient documentary evidence of that kind. Before days of affluence the family Bibles got lost in the shuffle of moving around. Nobody thought much about the loss then, but with the advent of prosperity the books could easily become a source of mortification to many women if they happened to fall into the hands of malicious persons; hence the frantic attempts to gather all such records into the family."—New York Post.

Austrian mines are provided with rescue chambers at convenient locations underground. They are equipped with food and conveniences for miners in case of accident.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time. It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get it, beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.